

THE HANAIEI MIDNIGHT GRIND

(A Radio Promptcast Epic) All Right Reserved 8 October 2025

PM Thomas, Ph. G. Data Sommelier with BardiVarius AEIA
(Authenticated Ethical Integrity Agency) Thinking Cooperatively

<https://archive.org/details/night-marchers-obsidian-sand-and-zombie-fishnets-unpacking-the-hanalei-midnight-grindode>

[OPENING STING]

(SFX: Hawaiian chant/music with a dark, low bass undertone. Fades quickly.)

NARRATOR (Smooth, suspenseful voice): Aloha and welcome to *Pōkā Lānai*, the midnight promptcast where ancient prophecy meets modern obsession. Tonight, we are on the North Shore of Kauaʻi, where the mists of the past cling to the valleys like wet silk.

The challenge: to retrieve the most valuable contraband on the island—the granular residue of the "Zombie Fishnets"—hidden in the derelict Hanalei Rice Mill.

Our subjects: a small, determined unit of Kanaka Maoli descendants, seeking to reclaim a power source their ancestors guarded.

SCENE 1: THE CROSSING

(SFX: Heavy, steady *thump-thump* of distant pahu (drum). Wind whistles through mountain peaks. Sound of wet boots squelching.)

NARRATOR: It is midnight. The air is cold and thin. Our team, led by a descendant named Kaimana, has completed the most grueling leg of their journey: crossing the summit, hiking over the peak of Wai‘ale‘ale and descending through the sodden, suffocating labyrinth of the Alaka‘i Swamp. They are exhausted, but the pulse of the earth—the rhythmic thump-thump—keeps their hearts synchronized with fear.

KAIMANA (Whispering, strained): Stop. The air... it smells like old ocean and burnt ginger.

(SFX: The *thump-thump* of the pahu is closer now. A deep, hollow conch shell blast, the *Pū*, cuts through the night.)

NARRATOR: The scent is the sign. The Night Marchers—the Huaka‘i Pō—have arrived. They are the sacred, fearsome warriors of the high chiefs, marching their royal route. And their route, tonight, is over the very ground Kaimana stands on, heading straight for the mill.

SCENE 2: THE HANALEI MILL

(SFX: The squelching stops. Footsteps crunch on old gravel. Creaking wood of a dilapidated structure.)

NARRATOR: Kaimana and his crew scramble into the dark, silent husk of the old Hanalei Rice Mill. The *Huaka‘i Pō* are visible now: faint, shimmering figures in the mist, carrying ancient spears,

marching in perfect, terrifying formation. They moved not around the high peak, but over the top, through the impassable swamp, to guard this place.

(SFX: The marching sound is deafeningly close—heavy, measured footsteps, interspersed with the clatter of weapons and the low, guttural chants of the Night Marchers. Suddenly, a high-pitched, electric *ping* that seems to phase out the sound of the drums.)

NARRATOR: Inside the mill, they follow the scent—a potent, metallic aroma. They find the storage area. Not a safe, not a chest... but piles of dry, brown coconuts (*niu*), split open and stacked neatly in a corner, each one fallen naturally from the palm trees outside.

(SFX: Rustling sound as Kaimana picks up a coconut. A few small, dry granules spill out.)

KAIMANA (Breathing heavily, a mix of awe and terror): They did it. The prophecy is true. The "Zombie Fishnets"... ground down. It's like fine, obsidian sand. Granular. Packed into the fruit of the *niu*. The power is contained. The Huaka'i Pō were the grinders, the mill workers.

(SFX: The Night Marchers' chant reaches its peak right outside the mill wall. The sound *thumps* against the wood like a giant heart. It slowly begins to recede, marching down the valley towards the sea.)

NARRATOR: The guardians have passed. The granular power of the ancient nets—the Mana—is now in Kaimana's hands. He has the tool, the fuel, the ultimate prize.

[CLOSING PROMPT & STING]

NARRATOR: Kaimana holds the coconut, filled with the strange, potent granules. He has achieved the impossible: the retrieval of the Hanalei Grind. Now, the real question begins.

The Prompt:

What is the *first action* Kaimana and his crew take with the granular "Zombie Fishnets," and what is the immediate, non-magical, real-world consequence of this action?

(SFX: Low-bass sting, cuts out abruptly.)

NARRATOR: Respond with the next episode's action.

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PM Thomas, Ph. G. Data Sommelier
clubsatyaai@gmail.com

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